



## **Leaves**

Red, gold, and orange,  
flicker like flames,  
drift across dying grass.

They scatter themselves  
on a breeze,  
fluttering like butterflies.

They rest in heaps,  
blanket the ground  
in fiery colors.

When the wind returns,  
it will carry them.  
Like birds, they will fly.

## **Deep**

Cold wind drifts through unseen cracks,  
long, low shrieks, sad and forgotten.

Snow falls, thick and heavy,  
obscures the far-off trees,  
covers the long-dead grass.

Sorrow sets in.  
Scarves and blankets  
cannot keep out the chill.

The wind stops.  
Icicles drip.  
Fathomless silence.

The snow drifts down in crystal flakes.  
Emptiness consumes them.